PENFIELD PA

SABBATH READING.

NON-POLITICAL: NON-SECTARIAN.

"DETERMINED NOT TO KNOW ANYTHING [illegible]ONG YOU SAVE JESUS CHRIST."

Gracie Williams 1896

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EASTER CONTRITION.

THOU hast arisen, Christ, but I
Am tomb-encompassed still;
I cannot move my soul to feel
The Resurrection thrill.
Vague and impossible to me
Thy miracle must be.

Thou hast arisen, Christ, but I,
Insensate, cannot stir:
No angel rolls the rock of Doubt
That seals my sepulchre.
In my hard heart where faith has died
There is no Easter-tide.

Thou hast arisen, Christ! Ah, Christ,
Bid me arise with Thee!
Triumphant Victor, break my tomb
And rescue even me!

—*Susie M. Best, in April Lippincott's.*

A Girl's Choice.

BY K. C.

MRS. LESLIE sat on a low chair before the bright fire in her dressing-room, and Effie, her only child, on a cushion at her feet. The mother's hand rested lovingly on the bright young head and her voice trembled as she said imploringly:

"Oh! my precious child, do not decide too hastily. William Russell is a noble man; one to whom I could give you up with a full assurance that your happiness would be secure. Henry Howard, though wealthy, is a man of indifferent education and dissipated habits. With him I feel you would lead a life of misery, and I could not pronounce a blessing on your union."

"Oh, mother! you are too severe; you are prejudiced!" cried the young girl, while a bright color rose to her very brow. "Henry cannot be all you represent him. He has a warm, affectionate heart, handsome person, graceful address. How could he, behind so fair an exterior, carry so much of evil? True, his education has been neglected, but he is studying hard to repair the misfortune. Love, you know, works wonders."

"Ah, my darling," said Mrs. Leslie sadly, "I see that you have already decided. I see that the modest worth of my favorite has been completely obscured by the fascinations of this courtly Southerner. Yet," she exclaimed after a pause, "I thought once that you loved William."

"I thought so, too, mother; but it could not have been genuine love, for that which I feel for Henry is far above it. I never knew the meaning of the word before."

"Then, dear, I have no more to say. You have made your choice. I thought, as William's wife, I would ever have you near me. Oh, my darling! how can I give you up?"

Effie wept, touched by her mother's grief, but never wavered in her purpose, for her senses had been completely enthralled by the graceful, engaging, handsome youth who, though but the acquaintance of a few weeks, had made himself irresistible through his devoted attentions and subtle flatteries.

Alone in her own room, Effie's meditations were painful.

"Have I any right," she thought, "to make my mother miserable? Can I not sacrifice my own happiness, for the sake of one whose whole life has been a sacrifice for me? I could not marry William, for that would be sinful when I love another; but should I not be happier if I gave up my own bright dreams to stay with her, and make her life peaceful and glad?"

Why did she not hearken to the voice of her good angel thus whispering in her heart?

"Why," she said aloud, "should I be parted from my mother? Henry surely will rejoice to have her in our home. She dreads his habits of dissipation, but loving me as he does, I can surely not doubt his complete reformation."

Alas for the woman who builds her hopes of happiness on such a sandbank? Alas for her who, with open eyes, throws herself into the arms of one with fixed habits of intemperance, trusting to reform him by her love!

Three months of preparation, three months of bitter sorrow to the mother, and Henry, impatient to return home, claimed his young bride.

On the evening previous to the ceremony, a large party was given by Effie's aunt, as a frolic for the bridesmaids, who had come from all parts of the country to fulfil the compact made with Effie in their school days.

The evening passed merrily, and the liberal supply of champagne at supper enlivened to the highest pitch the already gay party.

With the closing dance, Effie was struck with a peculiar and disagreeable change in Henry, a swaggering manner unusual to him, a thick, slow utterance, very different from his generally rapid flow of language. Closely she watched him, and a cold hand seemed clutching at her heart-strings as the truth broke upon her, that on the eve of their bridal he had given way to his old habits of intemperance. That was a sleepless night to Effie. Restlessly she tossed on her pillow, groaning aloud, "Oh, my choice, my choice! is it indeed to be a fatal one?"

Mrs. Leslie, lying beside her child, also sleepless, heard all her sobs, her groans, her appeal, and tenderly enfolding her in her arms, said softly:

"Darling, it is not yet too late to retract."

"Oh, it is, mother! it is! I could not bear the remarks it would cause, nor could I bear Henry's misery. I have made my choice, and must abide by it."

Pale, subdued, but very lovely the young bride looked on the following morning, as Henry, penitent, and once more himself, led her proudly to the altar, and as Mrs. Leslie marked his eye beaming with love, the tender devotion of his manner, and his chivalrous courtly bearing, she could not wonder that her darling had been captivated by one of so many outward attractions; but she trembled for her happiness, resting on a foundation utterly insecure and worthless.

Weeks, months flew by, and the dreams of happiness indulged in by the young wife were fully realized. Mistress over a lovely home, and received most kindly and cordially by her husband's relatives and friends—possessed of all the comforts wealth could buy, and idolized by Henry—her days flew by in unbroken enjoyment. Her letters to her mother were the very out-gushings of a guileless girlish heart overflowing with happiness; but ere a year had passed, there was a change.

Henry for nearly a year had been true to his promises, never even touching the cup; but as the novelty of his married life wore away, he once more sought his favorite haunts and his boon companions.

At first Effie remonstrated and entreated as he reeled home surrounded by a boisterous crowd, to find her patiently waiting his return; but penitent as he would appear on the following day, she soon found that her influence was but as a feather's weight in opposing the fierce current.

Still he loved her, but his moods were fitful, his temper becoming more and more violent. Day after day the evil grew, and on her gentle head curses were showered, because of her evident efforts to avoid him, while the fiend of jealousy whispered that another had taken his place in her heart. "The worm will turn when trod upon," and on one occasion, when, in a fit of rage, he taunted her with a crime from the accusation of which her pure soul revolted, she answered him with contempt, he struck her.

With that cowardly blow all of Effie's love went out. She had felt for months the shame and humiliation ever filling the heart of the drunkard's wife, but yet a love, such as a mother feels for an erring child, still clung around her heart for her fallen idol, even after the wife's love was gone forever. But that blow—it changed her whole nature, and crushed the last spark of affection which pity had left burning.

One scene of violence followed another, and yet never to her best friends, never even to her mother, did she breathe the tale of her wrongs.

"I made my own choice," was her constant thought, "and now it is my duty to guard from reproach the name I once felt proud and honored to bear." Mrs. Leslie saw the change in her child, betrayed by the altered tone of her letters. She looked through the apparently calm surface into the depths of that tired soul

and sought by loving counsel and tender sympathy to bind up the wounds which, though hidden, she knew were deep and wide, bleeding, ever bleeding. And Effie longed to lay her tired head on her mother's bosom, and sob her life away; but she would not call her to witness her humiliation. Two years passed wearily by, when the great rupture between North and South called all capable of bearing arms to the field of battle; and Henry, possessed of any amount of brute courage, was among the first to answer the call.

Effie reproached herself, because that no feeling of regret went with him, as he bade her farewell. It was a relief, such a blessed relief, to be free from his violence, and from the constant feeling of disgrace pressing upon her in his presence.

Never again, no never again, would her gentle spirit be crushed and wounded by shame and ill usage; for on the field of battle the erring one fell never to rise again. A few words of farewell, penned by a comrade in arms and a prayer for forgiveness, told the tale to Effie.

At liberty now to act at her own pleasure, but unable, until the settlement of the estate, to return to her childhood's home, Effie wrote for her mother to come to her.

Oh, that meeting of the long parted ones, what words can describe its bliss! Both had suffered, both were changed, but now they were reunited, and all would be well.

The color came back to the cheek of Effie, the light to her eyes, making her lovelier than ever, in the happiness of home brightened by a mother's presence and love; and Mrs. Leslie, feeling that once more she could claim her child wholly, solely her own, forgot the sorrows of the past in the joys of the present.

Effie was in her country home, when tidings came that the long struggle was over and that peace had been declared. As they were rejoicing over the glad tidings a company of armed men entered the avenue and rode toward the house.

Effie was terrified, for fearful tales of raiders had reached her ears.

Her fears were dispersed, however, as Mrs. Leslie, who, with the blood of New England running in her veins, cried, "It is our own banner, the Stars and Stripes. Look, look! I seem to know the form of the commanding officer."

He dismounted, and, seeing the ladies, advanced, saying, "May I crave your hospitality for myself and my men?"

Thus far had he spoken when, looking into Mrs. Leslie's face, he stood transfixed, while she, springing forward, exclaimed, "Why, William, my dear boy, is it indeed you?"

Effie, meanwhile, had sunk trembling into a seat, overcome with emotion, and sat with her face bowed upon her hands.

Gently drawing them away, William said softly:

"And have you no word of welcome for me Effie? Cannot you give to me even a sister's greeting?"

Shyly she raised to his her dove-like eyes, and reading in them more than a sister's tenderness, he drew her unresisting to his arms.

Quietly releasing herself, she said:

"William, I am not worthy. I threw away the treasure of your affection for a glittering bauble. I have suffered bitterly, and through all felt that I had made a mistake. When the scales fell from my eyes, I knew when too late, it was but my fancy which was captivated by another."

"At last! at last!" he cried. "After long waiting the prize is won."

Escorted by William, Mrs. Leslie and Effie soon returned to their Northern home, and shortly after the dream of the former was realized, as in her warm corner in William's home she witnessed the happiness of her children and felt that the clouds which had hung darkly over her life were forever dispersed.—*Selected.*

DON'T BLAME THE WORLD.

DON'T blame the world because the thorns
Are found among the roses:
The day that breaks in storm may be
All sunshine when it closes.

We cannot always hope to meet
With fortune's fond caressing,
And that which seems most hard to bear
Will bring withal its blessing.

The buried seed must rot in earth
Ere it produce the flower,
And the weak plant to fructify
Must have both shine and shower.

So man, to gain development,
Must struggle with life's crosses
And view with calm philosophy
His trials and his losses.

A deadly poisonous weed may yield
A salve of purest healing;
The sweetest bloom may poisonous be,
Although its bane concealing.

Things are not always as they seem,
But still 'twas Heaven designed them;
And we should class them all as good
And take them as we find them.

Little we know of this brief life,
And nothing of its sequel;
Then let us take in humble trust
All that may seem unequal.

God's ways are not as our ways,
And He certainly should be trusted,
All that is wrong, in His good time,
Will surely be adjusted.

—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

WORK AND PRAY.

SOME persons misuse prayer by asking this and that from God without using the means which He has ordained for bringing about that for which they pray. Though perhaps they would not do such a thing wilfully, they are really tempting God. God certainly intends us ordinarily to use the means within our reach, and it is on that use that His blessing comes, and it is on that that it may be sought.

There was a girl at school who was rewarded for repeating her lessons well. When she was asked how she accomplished this, she said that she always prayed that she might do so. Her schoolfellow said, "Do you? then I will pray too." But, alas! next morning she could not repeat a single word; whereupon she angrily taxed her schoolfellow with having deceived her. "Perhaps," said her schoolfellow, "you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it! learn it" answered she. "I did not learn it at all; I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it."

God is not the patron of idleness. He can work, no doubt, without means, and in many instances has done so; but in all circumstances of ordinary life, He requires us to use the means which He puts into our hands. Jesus took the five barley loaves and two small fishes which were at hand, and blessed them, and then and there came the grand result. A blessing on the means when there are means—a blessing without the means when there are no means—this is what we may look for in prayer to God.—*The Quiver.*

THE SPECTACLES PEDDLER.

"NO, I don't wish for anything," I said in reply to the question of an old man who called at my door on New Year's eve. Having been imposed on many times; having bought bottles of cement which was no better than so much water, and of furniture polish which was worse, and numerous other articles which were of no earthly use; at last I had made up my mind to have nothing to do with peddlers or agents of any kind. But a second glance convinced me that my present caller was no ordinary person. His long, white beard gave him a venerable aspect. His eyes were deep-set and luminous. His expression was that of a man who had tasted life's joys and sorrows and had extracted sweetness from both. I was so impressed by his appearance that it didn't occur to me that it was a singular time for a peddler to call; and notwithstanding the fact that I was alone in the house, John and the children having gone to a New Year's entertainment for the Sunday-school, I felt no hesitation about admitting this stranger. He fastened a searching but sympathetic gaze upon me as I resumed my easy chair before the fire.

"You are somewhat near-sighted, madam, I perceive," he said at last, drawing from a small bag a pair of silver-bowed spectacles.

"You were never more mistaken," I replied. "My eye-sight is perfectly good. I can easily read this fine-print newspaper by lamplight."

"Nevertheless," responded the old man in a manner so gentle and courteous it was impossible to be vexed, "most of us have a somewhat defective vision, and consequently get only a partial and imperfect view. Now these glasses will enable you to see, not only the side nearest to you, but the other side as well. If will kindly test them, I am sure you will find their use a great advantage. Please call to mind some event of the past year that disturbed or annoyed you. Do not select anything of too serious a nature, as this is your first trial, and your eyes not being accustomed to the use of these, or indeed, as you say, of any lenses, the effect might be merely to produce a blur."

I took the offered glasses, and the old man turned away, as if to give me opportunity to reflect, and became apparently absorbed in contemplating the fire upon the hearth.

It was not difficult to recall vexations and trials. Indeed, I had been engaged in that very common but unprofitable occupation when interrupted by the old man's knock. As I found myself growing hot over the thought of the meanness of my neighbor in setting his dog upon my pet cat, poor Toodles! I adjusted the spectacles to my nose. Much to my surprise, I now beheld Toodles in the act of dissecting one of my neighbor's chickens. "He was not without some shadow of an excuse then," I thought, as I looked upon the irrascible old gentleman himself, at that moment sitting alone in his great house, looking quite feeble and forlorn. He was evidently failing in mind and body, and yet he was without wife or child to care for him in his declining years. My indignation softened into sympathy.

"Poor old man," I murmured, "I think I will invite him to dine with us to-morrow. He must be so lonely with only hired help in the house."

"Excuse me, madam, did you speak to me?" inquired the spectacles peddler.

"Oh, no, only to some one I saw through the glasses," I replied, and again he gazed at the fire in silence.

My mind reverted to the time last Spring when in the midst of house-cleaning I was laid aside with a sprained ankle. It seemed a most unfortunate occurrence; but now by the aid of these far-seeing glasses, I saw what a real blessing my forced inactivity had been to me and the children. It had made of Helen, who was rather indolent, quite a good little housekeeper, and had developed in Tom, who it must be confessed was in great danger of becoming selfish, a spirit of helpfulness toward his mother and sister. Besides I had enjoyed several delightful drives with Mrs. Holmes who would not have thought of inviting me but for my accident.

Then there came to my mind the thought of a business opening which seemed to promise so much advantage to John, and of our great disappointment that it was lost through the unfair dealing of a supposed friend. Now through the glasses I was able to see plainly that the firm in which I so much wished to see may husband a partner, was on the verge of bankruptcy.

So I went on from one subject to another, finding to each a brighter side than I had discerned before. "The old man is right," I thought; "I am a little near-sighted."

"Perhaps you are ready for stronger glasses," he said, producing a pair of gold bowed spectacles. "They have more power than the others, and if your eyes are able to bear them, will enable you to see farther."

As I adjusted the gold bows, my gaze fell upon a portrait which hung over the mantel. It was a life-like picture of my precious Charley. How many times during these ten months I have lived over the last sad days of his bright young life! How many times with breaking heart I had watched the deathly pallor spread over that noble brow, and the breath grew fainter and fainter! Ah! I must have been very near-sighted; for now I could plainly see hovering around the bed a beautiful angel with radiant countenance and outstretched arms, and in the luminous vista beyond, dimly outlined, a figure of divine sweetness and majesty. When I thought of a snow-covered mound in the cemetery, I beheld my boy with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks, the very picture of health and happiness, in the midst of a company of the noble and beautiful and blessed who have crossed that mysterious line which divides this world from the next.

"Yes, I will take the glasses," I said; "It is so much better to look at the other side!"

As I spoke the outer door shut with a bang. It was only John and the children returning from the New Year's entertainment.

"It is too bad we made so much noise," said John. "We didn't know you were asleep."

"Was I?" I replied, looking around quite bewildered. The spectacles peddler was nowhere to be seen.—*Emily Tolman, in the Interior.*

DISCOVERIES in the natural world often suggest spiritual forces and relations. The wonderful revelations effected by the Roentgen rays bring to mind these words in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."—*Youth's Companion.*

QUIET DAYS.

Ex. 33: 18-23.

"THERE is a place by Me"—a place of hiding,
Where sin-toss'd souls may find a haven-rest;
Where hearts that mourn, may, in God's love confiding,
Be comforted and blest.

"There is a place by Me"—O Rock of Ages,
Beneath the shelter of Thy shadowing height,
We learn to read e'en life's dark, tear-stained pages,
As by a rainbow light.

"There is a place by Me"—a place most holy,
Within the veil, a mercy seat of gold,
Sprinkled with blood, where those "surrendered wholly"
Visions of God behold.

"There is a place by Me"—there God revealeth
Love's hidden treasures of redeeming grace,
And glory deepens, till the whisper stealeth,
Come thou and see His face.

O God, if here on earth such peace is given,
Such joy in Thee, such radiance from above,
What must the fulness be, the bliss of Heaven,
The sunlight of Thy love?

Now thro' the night, while storms around are sweeping,
Safe in the Rock, by Thee, we calm abide.
Trusting Thy will, our hearts Thy peace is keeping,
In Jesus satisfied.

—*London Christian.* J. H. S.

THE PALACE OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. F. B. MEYER.

I OFTEN have looked at that picture in which one of our modern painters depicts the long red line of soldiers in the fight, and have you not noticed how beneath the touch, those faces are lit up so that common ploughboys seem to have a gleam of nobility not their own? I have often seen that in man or woman, and I thought how wonderfully that spirit hides itself in the restraints of our nature.

It is only when you realize the greatness of our ploughboy's nature, when you look upon those girls that walk the streets at night and think of all that is innocent in them, the capacity of affection, with all the nature that lies so ruined behind, but is capable of great sacrifices even to death for those who have not even a kind thought for them; why, we need not go outside ourselves, for there have been times in our own life when beneath the spell of some sin or special consequence there has arisen up this spirit of ours so great, so vast in its capacity that the great God who fills eternity can find a home in it, and the Devil thinks it worth his while to wreck it if he can. In how many cases does one find people devil-possessed, without knowing that they are devil-possessed, for that is the cunning of the Devil to be there but to hide himself. If you knew the Devil was there, you would see that he was exorcised at once, but the cunning is that he is in you and you do not know it. When the strong man keepeth the palace it is in peace.

Some men want me to argue with them as to the personality of the Devil. For me this Book answers it, but I would throw man back to his own consciousness. Sometimes one has been roaming over some good and wholesome theme when all of a sudden there has been flung into your mind some devilish thought, which has set the brain and heart on fire. Whenever those thoughts are flung into my mind they make me sure of the person of the devilish spirit We are not ignorant of his devices.

You who are not Christians think there is no Devil because there is no need to show himself to you. No wonder you argue there is no Devil, but we who are trying to keep from him forever, we are the people who have the most malignant, malicious, worrying spirit.

When a man says there is no Devil, I generally know where he is. There is no mistaking that he really exists and that he has a good many weapons. The gods of this world, the theatre, which I saw people pressing into just now, the billiard table, the public house for those of coarser taste, the race course, the betting ring, etc. The Devil suits himself to his company and he is armed with just those baits that take with men. "Armed, and he keeps his palace."

Oh, that wonderful touch of Christ when He paints the Devil like a sentinel going backwards and forwards before the man that does not belong to him. He is not his own, Christ died for that man, and by the grace of God, he will have to quit.

When I went to London I took a furnished house and I found the Londoners very suspicious, perhaps with good cause. I found that the owners of this house had put all the pretty things into the top room and locked it up, leaving the rooms very bare indeed. All the house was open but that one room, and yet every time I passed the door it seemed to say to me, You're not trusted, you don't belong here, you're only a lodger. And I felt so, and got a house of my own as quickly as I could. It is my own, and every room says, This is yours. I have met many people who have taken all the pretty things of life, all the happy times, and their pet habits and pleasures, and have put them all into a room to keep, and have said to Jesus, Every room is yours but that one, you must not touch those pretty things, nothing out of that room, you're only a lodger. I want you to give Christ that room, to give Him the key of every room, give Him the master key which opens all. Let your prayer be to-night, Come and live in my soul, hold Thine own against all comers, clean me, keep me, furnish me, replenish me, and grant unto me to know that it is to be tenanted by God the Holy Ghost Himself.—*Record of Christian Work.*

"HE SAVED MY SOUL."

A BACKWOODS preacher, who knew little of books of theology, but who had what was a vast deal better, a practical knowledge of salvation through Christ, was before a Conference Committee once for examination.

"Brother," said one of his examiners, "will you please name some of the evidences of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

The brother's face wore an expression of puzzled bewilderment, and he was silent. The examiner repeated his question: What makes you think Christ is divine?

With his eyes full of tears he started to his feet, and, stretching out his arms and hands, he exclaimed:

"How do I know He's divine? Why, bless you, He saved my soul and I love Him for it."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

WE can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us, if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.—*John Newton.*

For Sabbath Reading.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor

TOPIC FOR APRIL 12.

WILL OUR EXCUSES STAND?—Acts 26: 19-28.

Men excuse their selfishness by imagining that they are not responsible for other people.

"And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted Him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? How readest thou? And he, answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And He said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?"—Luke 10: 25-29. "Then shall they also answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee? Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."—Matt. 25: 44, 45.

They excuse their unbelief by saying that their reasoning powers will not allow them to accept revealed truth.

"He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil."—John 3: 18, 19. "The Father, Himself, which hath sent Me, hath borne witness of Me. * * * And ye have not His word abiding in you, for whom He hath sent Him ye believe not."—John 5: 37, 38. "If ye were blind ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth."—John 9: 41. (See also Luke 10: 21, and 1 Cor. 1: 18-30.)

Men excuse their disobedience by accusing God of injustice.

"Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man." * * * "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knowest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed. * * * Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents."—Matt. 25: 24-28. "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made us thus?"—Romans 9: 20.

No excuse for unholy living will stand.

"For the wrath of God is revealed from Heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse: because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened."—Rom. 1: 18-21.

Neither a Creditable Nor a Profitable Business.

The question this week is a sharp one. Will our excuses stand? And it is a question easily answered. They will not. Some one has said that self-excusers never reform. Not so sure of that, but this is clear, that making excuses is not creditable, and is in many ways dangerous. The temptation is to be too kind to ourselves. It is a fault as old as Adam and as discreditable now as it was then. Later on, one bought a farm, another got married and a third went to prove a yoke of oxen. They all began to make excuses. Always see that you put first things first. And to do things that will merit commendation and not need excuses or explanations. We give you a rule, Make excuses for others but none for yourself. Hear the Master! "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He stands high who thus acts. It is a helpful business, this pleading for others, shielding others, defending them behind their backs. Doing these things for one's self is generally mean, and so often false. One of the proofs of original sin is the universality of this old Adam habit. Come, become a new creature in Christ Jesus! Carry the loads of others and so be safe yourself.

If the prayer meeting night is slightly dampish and slushy don't begin to talk about your rheumatism. If you do, the twinges may grow severer, and you'll have the additional ache of knowing that you didn't keep your vow with God. One ache is bad enough; the two are heavy. Another fact and rule. Before making excuses remember that God knows the heart. In the Old Testament and the New the blessing descends on those who, having a willing mind, did their whole duty cheerfully. You owe your presence at the altar first to God and then to your minister. Hold up your pastor's hands. He will be at the meetings, and is worthy of your support. Stand by him in the work. Put a red cross on your calendar for all church gatherings. Don't work so hard at other things that you'll be too fatigued to be there. Your presence is proof of your love, and it shows that you desire a continuance of God's favor. Be at the post of duty while you can. A time will come when you can't go. Lay up a reserve now for future use.

Are we right in suggesting that the young be taught that as a general thing all excuses for self if not clear cut lies are half falsehoods? In teaching them this we will be confirming the habit in ourselves of hating the mean thing. Old and young will thus grow angelic, unselfish. When a boy or a girl goes wrong their parents say of them that they fell in with bad companions and were led astray, implying that the fault wasn't with their boy or girl. The probability is that they were more leaders than followers. When one hears a boy or a man say, There is no one to blame but myself, he has heard the manly truth. Owning up in this way is a great victory. Let us learn this, that it was the world that sinned, but it was Christ who became Mediator and Intercessor, who stood in our place. How can you help loving and obeying Him? Blessings are turned into a curse by ingratitude: He got a farm; he got a wife; a yoke of oxen, and with these good things turned his back upon God. Have you any of that stuff in you? If so, out with it. Change tenants. It is time to cast out self and let Christ in.

N. B.—Any Christian Endeavorer can have SABBATH READING on trial for 3 months for 12 cents in stamps.

AN AFRICAN ARBITRAMENT.

LEARN a lesson from an African, ye great nations of the earth, now regarding each other with jealous apprehension and nervously marshaling your hosts for war! Here is a boundary commission that did not cost a hundred thousand dollars for arbitration of tribal differences that had already involved generations of warfare.

JASPER, THE MEDIATOR.

He was dug up out of heathenism himself, and believed in the all-conquering power of the Prince of Peace. His name is unknown to the civilized world, but it is now celebrated in the war songs of two heathen nations who were for hundreds of years exhibiting their hatred of each other by killing one another on sight. If the men of one tribe "cut bush" a little distance from the towns, the enemy swooped down upon them, and not one escaped the death strokes of the murderous assailants. When in turn their women carried water from a distant stream in time of drought they were surrounded by their hereditary foes, hewn down mercilessly, or carried away to a less merciful captivity. Jasper, as the missionary called him, when his manifest conversion and life's integrity entitled him to receive the "outward sign of the inward work," determined to throw himself in the breach; and, like David, the son of Jesse, "in the name of the Lord of hosts" he suddenly appeared before the astonished heathen king. Unattended, unarmed, he had crossed the lines and now presented his petition. Would the king give consent to hold a prayer meeting in his "big town," to open a "palaver" with the King of Heaven? Like Paul before Agrippa, the eloquent pleadings of this fearless man made the heathen chieftain tremble, and his request was granted. His praying band of saved young native men, unarmed, were cordially received, and immediately proceeded to the place appointed for prayer. After the first few meetings Jasper appeared again before the king, and his request to call a "peace palaver" between the chiefs of the two nations was granted. Thirty days they talked for peace, and thirty nights they prayed, several times all night; and the commission won its victory at last—conditions of peace were agreed upon, a treaty made and ratified, an interchange of friendly intercourse established, and marauding bands go no more out to destroy their fellowmen.—*Illustrated Africa.*

"ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE."

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.

MY God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee Father—sweet, endearing name—
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But oh, the thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning, unrefreshed, I wake,
Or in the night but little sleep can take,
This brief appeal, submissively I make—
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;
Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand;
All, all is known to Thee.

A BRAVE YOUNG DOCTOR.

I AM asked to record the bravest thing done within my immediate knowledge in the Civil War. On mature reflection, passing by some hairbreadth escapes, I should award the palm to something done by a young assistant-surgeon of mine, not quite twenty-one years old, Dr. Thomas T. Miner, then of Hartford, Conn. It was at an exceedingly convivial supper-party of officers, at Beaufort, S. C., to which a few of my younger subalterns had been invited. I saw them go with some regret, since whiskey was rarely used in my regiment, and I had reason to think that it would circulate pretty freely at this entertainment. About Dr. Miner I had no solicitude, for he never drank it.

They sat late, and the fun grew fast and furious. Some of the guests tried to get away, but could not; and those who attempted it were required to furnish in each case a song, a story, or a toast. Miner was called upon for his share, and there was a little hush as he rose up. He had a singularly pure and boyish face, and his manliness of character was known to all. He said:

"Gentleman, I cannot give you a song or a story, but I will offer a toast, which I will drink in water, and you shall drink as you please. The toast is, 'Our mothers.'"

Of course an atom of priggishness or self-consciousness would have spoiled the whole suggestion. No such quality was visible. The shot told; the party quieted down from that moment and soon broke up. The next morning no less than three officers from different regiments rode out to my camp, all men older than Dr. Miner and of higher rank, to thank him for the simplicity and courage of his rebuke.

It cost more courage to do what he did than to ride up to the cannon's mouth.—*Col. T. W. Higginson, in Brethren Evangelist.*

THE secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whiphand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man; and without this all other education is next to nothing.—*Miss Oliphant.*

IT is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse hath true charity.—*Kempis.*

FOR SABBATH READING.

EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPIC FOR APRIL 12.

THE SCRIPTURES AS A DEFENCE.—*Matt. 4: 4, 7, 10; Matt. 15: 1-9; Luke 23: 46.*

BY GEORGE MATILE DOUGALL.

The Scriptures may be used as a defence against many kinds of evil.

First and foremost the Scriptures provide us with an armor, offensive and defensive, against Satan, the tempter of mankind and the adversary of God. It was by recalling passages of Scripture that Jesus resisted and defeated the Devil, and Peter says we can only resist him by the same means. Peter says, "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist *stedfast in the faith*." That is to say, Study your Bible, get its teachings, its warnings, its promises clearly in your mind, and when Satan comes upon you as a roaring lion, seeking to turn you from righteousness, lay on to him with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Then, as he departed from Jesus, so will he leave you.

—

Jesus had only the writings of the Old Testament to quote against the Devil. And they were suffi[illegible] But we of to-day have a still mig[illegible]veapon, namely, the New Testame[illegible]iptures.

There is an idea in some quarters even now that the Devil must flee from the symbol, or even the sign of the Cross. This is a great mistake. The Devil has no fear of signs. Indeed, he oftimes seeks the shadow of the Cross as a place where he can lurk unperceived, and where he can do the greatest mischief because people are not so much on the watch against him there.

But there is a great truth behind this idea. For while the Devil only laughs at mere outward signs, he does fear the thing itself. He fears the man who carries the Cross of Christ engraven on his heart. Paul speaks of Christians as the epistles [letters] of Christ written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone [as were the Ten Commandments], but in fleshly tables of the heart. (2 Cor. 3: 3.)

And why should the Devil be so afraid of the Cross of Christ? Paul makes a plain answer. Christ became man, he says, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil." (Heb. 2: 14.) And again, when Paul speaks of Christ as having nailed the law that was against us to His Cross, he adds. "And having spoiled principalities and powers, He made show of them openly, triumphing over them."

Therefore it is that those who have laid hold of this great truth taught us in the Scriptures and have taken up and shared the cross with Christ, who are "dead with Christ to the world" (see Col. 2: 20; 2 Tim. 2: 11) are able to resist the power of the Devil.

Again the Scriptures are a defence against the sophistry which pretending to be righteous is most subtly wicked.

The Scribes and Pharisees were hypocrites. Christ called them so frequently. They paid great attention and respect to forms and ceremonies, but very little to the weightier matters of the law. Therefore Christ exclaimed, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell!"

Their kind of wickedness is very insidious. Many were led astray by it in the time of Christ. (See Matt. 13: 13, 15.) And it it is certain that many are still led astray by the same kind of thing. How then shall we make sure that we shall not be of the number. The answer is again, We have a defence in the Scriptures. If we read them as did Christ, with an understanding heart, we shall be able to answer and confound the hypocrisy of others, and also whatever of hypocrisy there is in ourselves.

—

Sometimes Christians are led astray by fits of despondency which result in lowered faith.

A great despondency took hold of Christ upon the Cross. He cried "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But through it all He kept His faith, and recalling the words of David He used them, just before His death as a reassurance to Himself and others that, however dark the way may seem, God is with us. So, when despondency weighs us down and makes us an easier prey for the Devil, we may fight him off and gain courage by thinking over passages of Scripture. Like Christ we may say, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

N. B.—Any Epworth Leaguer can have SABBATH READING on trial for 3 months for 12 cents in stamps.

MOTIVES IN PRAYER.

IF we have prayed for a long time for something, and our prayer has not been answered, it is often a wise and profitable thing to ask ourselves, "If I had this for which I have prayed would it be for the glory of God? Would it tend to my spiritual help and profit?" And peradventure we might often have to admit that it would not be so, that if we had our desire it might do us harm, it might puff us up, it might not draw us nearer to God, but might lead us further away from Him.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that we should bring our prayers to this test, "Do I desire before all things and above all things the glory of God, and my growth in grace in the things for which I pray?"

Nothing that would *really* be good for them will He withhold from them that fear the Lord and walk uprightly. (Psa. 34: 10; 84: 11.)—*George Meiller.*

THERE is never a pause in our progress toward eternity.—*Spurgeon.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

He was despised and rejected of men.—Isaiah 53 : 3.

LOOK back, my soul, amazed and see
The Man of sorrows, 'midst a crowd,
Bearing His cross to Calvary,
Assailed by imprecations loud.
Patient and meek, with eyes upturned,
He sought forgiveness from above,
For those who prayers and pity spurned,
Regardless of His pardoning love.

The Son of God was crucified,
His blood for man's salvation paid,
While Jews reviled the precious tide
And mocked the King, a cross displayed.
O guilt beyond most daring thought
Their impious fathers ever framed;
Which on their race the curse has brought
Of unbelief still madly claimed.

"Why has My God forsaken Me?"
Death shadowed, the Saviour cried;
Rocks rent in answering agony,
And trembling earth in groans replied.
The heavenly host in mute surprise
Watch the stupendous mystery;
No joyous sounds in Paradise,
And Christ invoking sympathy.

Weighed down by sin's o'erwhelming load,
The spotless Lamb for sinners dies;
An offering worthy of a God,
The incarnate Lord, the sacrifice.
Still on this day of bitter grief,
When shame should veil each guilty face,
Faith offers all a sure relief
From Love's true source, Redeeming Grace.

Darkness Judea's hills o'erspread,
The tears of angels Jesus laved,
Long buried saints rose from the dead,
The veil is rent, the church is saved!
The Cross, the nails, the thorns, the spear,
The scorn, the torture and despair,
Will at the last great day appear
The crown and sceptre Christ will wear.

Oh, bleeding Lamb! by Thy last cry
Still heard in faith from pole to pole,
Raise me from where in grief I lie,
And make my wounded spirit whole.
In the deep ocean of Thy love
Blot out my sins till, soaring free,
My soul will magnify above
The risen Christ who died for me.

—*Dreams After Sunset.* FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

For SABBATH READING.

Sabbath-School Lesson.

LESSON 2.....APRIL 12, 1896.

PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER.—Luke 14: 15-24.

BY JOHN R. WHITNEY.

A FRIEND of my young days, Mr. A. O. Van Lennep, spent his youth in the city of Smyrna and its neighborhood. His father's family were held in high esteem among the people, and were the recipients of many courtesies and favors. Often, he informed me, they would be surprised by a great beating of native drums, the clang of cymbals, and the noise of a crowd on the street drawing near to their home. It was a delegation of the friends of some one in the city inviting them to come to a wedding. As a matter of course the delegation was courteously received and the invitation accepted. It would have been considered a matter of great disrespect not to have done so. But no time was fixed when the ceremony would take place, and no questions were asked concerning it. It was simply an invitation to come whenever the event should occur. After a time, however, extending sometimes to weeks, or even months, without any further notice, again the sound of music would be heard in the street, and a larger company than before would be seen approaching the house. In this company were a number of servants bearing great covered dishes of cooked food which was left with them. This visit was to announce that all things were now ready, the cooked food confirming the announcement, and they were expected to come without delay to the wedding. To refuse at this time would have been not only the height of rudeness but a downright insult.

It was to some such scene as this that our Lord referred in this parable of the "Great Supper." The parable was spoken on the Sabbath day, in the house of one of the chief Pharisees, residing in one of the cities or villages of Perea. As we said last week, Jesus was passing through this region on His last journey to Jerusalem. During His stay in the place, this Pharisee, who appears to have been one of its principal citizens, invited Him "to eat bread" (v. 1) with him on this Sabbath day. Whether he was moved to do so by motives of friendship, to honor Him, or by a secret dislike, to entrap Him, we are not told. We are told, however, that both he and his friends "watched Him," but it may have been as much to learn from Him as to find fault with Him. It is certain that they were very attentive to hear Him. Although He addressed Himself to both His host and to His fellow guests, none of them questioned, at least in words, anything He did, or answered when He reproved either their motives or their conduct. If they sought opportunity to entrap Him, they were completely baffled, for it is distinctly stated—"they could not answer Him again to these things." (v. 6.)

The only comment made during the meal by anyone came from one of the guests. He was evidently not only interested in what Jesus said, but saw clearly that His teaching concerning conduct of social feasts among men had reference to conduct in relation to another feast of far higher importance and blessedness—a feast which should be spread "at the resurrection of the just."

Now, this invitation is not simply to a supper. It is "a great Supper"—a veritable feast. This is a very expressive figure of speech. It at once suggests the highest enjoyment of which the ordinary man is capable. It brings to the mind the idea of all that can entrance the senses and gratify the appetite. There is light, and music, and dainty food in abundance for every taste. Then there are social companionships, congenial friends, the fellowship of kindred minds, and the glad meeting of old acquaintances long separated. It is provided freely and fully by the host, without any cost to the guests. He does it because he desires to honor his friends and to give them all the pleasure in his power, and to enjoy their fellowship himself. Now, transfer this earthly idea of an earthly feast to heavenly conditions and surroundings, and how expressive does the apostle's description becomes—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." (1 Cor. 2: 9.) How strange that any should "make excuse" when invited to such a feast!

Last week the offers of God's grace were set forth as a great prize, to secure which our Lord urged His hearers to "strive," with all earnestness and diligence. This week, in this parable, the same offers of grace are set forth as "a great supper," to which men are invited to come. The two aspects are in perfect harmony. If men only entered more fully and constantly into the idea of the Pharisee's guest when he exclaimed, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God," they would have no difficulty in appreciating the importance of striving to enter in at the strait gate which leads into that kingdom. For none can sit down at the table who have not entered by the door. The invitation to enter is given to all, but only those who "strive," as we saw last week, accept the invitation. All others, like the guests of this man in the parable, make excuses—they wilfully shut themselves out.

Satisfied that, so far as he was individually concerned, he would be as honored a guest at that greater feast as he was at the lesser one in the Pharisee's house, he suddenly broke out with a hearty Amen—"Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God."

This exclamation led to the parable. In its general outline it is so very similar to that of "the marriage of the king's son," recorded only by St. Matthew (22: 1–14), that many have thought that they might be only different versions of the the same illustration. Neither the time, circumstances nor object, however, were the same. That was spoken in the Temple at Jerusalem, just after Jesus' triumphal entry into the city. This was spoken several weeks, if not months, before, in Perea, on His way to Jerusalem, and in a private house. That was intended to set forth the character, power and judgment of the king who gave the invitation. This has reference, more especially, to the spirit and behavior of those who were invited.

For it will be noticed that none of these men who declined to come to the supper when all things were ready could give any real, substantial reason why they should not come. They had to "*make* excuse." And it was not here and there, a single one who thus had to set his wits to work "*to make*" what he could not obtain in any other way, but it was the great majority of those who were invited—"they all with one consent" did it. But that did not make the matter any better, or their position any the less foolish. If the excuse of one was unsatisfactory, it did not become any less so by making it the excuse of a hundred, or a thousand, or even an hundred thousand.

And yet when the invitations of the Gospel are considered, men flatter themselves that their indifference and neglect are justified because so many are indifferent and neglectful. Each one says he is no worse than his neighbors, and so he argues because he is one of a multitude who are wrong, therefore he must be right. It is strange logic. "But wisdom is justified of all her children" (Luke 8: 35) now just as much and as often as she was eighteen hundred years ago. Perhaps this was the feeling of these men in the parable. Any one of them would probably have been ashamed to have asked to be excused if he had been alone, but when "they all with one consent" did it, pride took the place of shame—the pride of the majority.

Moreover this pride and self-satisfaction was strengthened by the very nature of the excuses. Not one of these men desired to be excused in order that he might give his attention to some unworthy object, or to some vicious indulgence. There was nothing wrong in buying "a piece of ground," or in going to "see it." The man said, "I must needs go." The comfort and welfare of his family, or the nature of the transaction, may have made prompt action and diligent attention to the matter very necessary. Neither was there anything wrong in another's purchase of "five yoke of oxen," and it was certainly a matter of

great prudence that he should give his personal attention to their treatment and manner of work when in the hands of new drivers and on new ground. And as to the man who had "married a wife," it was certainly right and proper that he should bestow upon her all the attention belonging to the new relationship.

In things spiritual and eternal, the excuses given for negligence are just the same as given by these men, and they are just as sound and reasonable. Even the Bible does not condemn them. The business of life must be attended to, and attended to with diligence, energy, and promptness. No man has any right to neglect or belittle them. To be "not slothful in business," is a divine command (Rom. 12: 11), and he that provideth not for his own household is declared to be "worse than an infidel." (1 Tim. 5: 8.)

There are a great many things, however, with which men have to do, that are perfectly right and proper in themselves and in their legitimate connection with other things, but they are absolutely foolish, if not harmful, when placed in other relationships. A horse, for instance, is a noble and valuable animal, and a cart is a most useful contrivance. If the horse is placed before the cart much important and excellent work can be done by the combination. But if the cart be placed first the arrangement is not only useless but foolish. In matters of religion, however, there is a great deal of this cart-before-the-horse idea. Men give their worldly affairs the first place in their affections, and interests, and the invitations of God's grace they make second and last. Our Lord Jesus Christ said explicitly, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." (Matt. 6: 33.) Men of the world, however, say, Seek them last. Will God be satisfied with such an arrangement? The indignation of the host in this parable was based on exactly this consideration. His invitation was made of secondary importance, and those whom he invited put their own affairs first, and that wilfully. Is it strange that he determined, and declared emphatically, "That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper"?

It will be noticed, however, that this invitation of the "certain man" who "made a great supper," was not confined to a favored few. His servants were bidden to "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." They were even bidden to go to "the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," that his house might be filled. No matter how poor, or how wretched and helpless, or how outcast and despised, everyone who accepted the invitation was welcomed, and sat down at the great supper. It was not a question of their readiness, but of his. He had made of his own free will all the preparation, and he had as freely sent out the invitation, and according to the Oriental custom, he provided a suitable dress for everyone who came. So when they came, "poor," and "maimed," and "halt," and "blind"—in ragged clothes, and filthy garments, with nothing in themselves or in their appointments to recommend them, he clothed them with fine linen, and set before them the rich provision of his bounty. And it was only such who tasted of that supper. But of such the house was full, and yet there was room. Could language describe more beautifully and clearly the abounding grace of our God?

And now it will be noticed that this gracious invitation was simply "come." It was not prepared by any careful discipline, or by the procuring of costly attire. It was simply "come"—come at once—come just as you are. This was the way the men from the streets and lanes, and highways, and hedges came. It was on this condition that they were received and welcomed.

The word "come," however, has a very comprehensive and important meaning. It always implies that one is calling to another from whom he is far separated. This is the relation in which God stands to the sinner. Now that other, the sinner, cannot stay where he is and at the same time "come to him who calls." Response to the call means a leaving of the place where he is and a breaking away from everything that holds him to the place. But he will not leave it as long as he is satisfied with it and with his condition there. When he finds no comfort in it, or peace, then he listens with gladness to the call and longs to be set free. This is repentance, a sorrow for sin and a forsaking of it.

But the word implies also far more than this. It means a joining of that other, the sinner, to the one who calls—an entire change of relationship—a drawing nigh unto Him from whom he is separated. This he will only do when he is satisfied that it will be a better position than the one he has been occupying and that by coming to Him who calls he will receive abundantly more and better than he leaves. This is faith.

REPENTANCE and FAITH are the two essential things required of every one who accepts the invitation of the Gospel. Both of these are demanded by the invitation, "COME."

BRYN MAWR, Pa.

Any Sabbath-School can order 20 copies of SABBATH READING for 3 months on trial for $1 50. Such a trial will demonstrate the fitness of this paper for school work and enable the teachers to become better acquainted with it, or we will gladly send one sample copy to each teacher personally on the receipt of the names and addresses.

BLESSED HUNGER.

THEY who love God cannot love Him by measure,
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better.
Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy way?
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles unwound,
Wouldst thou only desire as well as obey.

—F. W. FABER.

THERE'S ALWAYS LIGHT ENOUGH TO GET HOME.

MR. HUGHES, the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," tells a suggestive anecdote of another author, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, whose habit of making the best of things was vigorous even in a London fog.

One Winter's night the two friends started to walk to Chelsea and were caught in a dense fog. "Both of us," says Mr. Hughes, "knew the way well, but we lost it half a dozen times.

"Kingsley's spirit seemed to rise as the fog thickened! 'Isn't this like life?' he said, after one of our blunders—'a deep, yellow fog all round, with a dim light here and there shining through. You grope your way on from one lamp to another, and you go up wrong streets and back again. But you get home at last; there's always light enough for that.'"

DAILY BREAD.

MONDAY.

He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Hebrews 2: 16.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

In all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. Hebrews 2: 17.

TUESDAY.

He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth. Isaiah 53: 7.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed
Thou hast full atonement made.

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. Isaiah 53: 5.

WEDNESDAY.

He * * * fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt. Matthew 26: 39.

Within the garden's whispering shade
He knelt, in anguish and alone;
And 'mid the gathering gloom He prayed,
Crushed down by burdens not His own.

Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in Heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother. Matthew 12: 50.

THURSDAY.

Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said: Take, eat; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of it. Matthew 26: 26.

The token of Thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. 1 Corinthians 11: 27.

FRIDAY.

They crucified Him, and parted His garments, casting lots, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet. Matthew 27: 35.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me.

God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him. Romans 5: 8.

SATURDAY.

He was buried. 1 Corinthians 15: 4.

Dead with Him who died for you,
Dead to sin and folly;
Risen with Him to live anew,
Live to trust Him wholly.

If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection. Romans 6: 5.

SUNDAY.

Now is Christ risen from the dead. 1 Corinthians 15: 20.

He lives, He lives, who for us died,
Released from death's dark prison;
The Son of God, the Crucified,
The Lord indeed is risen.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. 1 Peter 1: 3-5.

Sabbath Reading.

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NOTICE!

We do not pay for stories, poems, or essays, and cannot even accept them if contributed freely, because the Editor is quite unable to find time for the examination of original contributions. Will our readers kindly refrain from sending us manuscript of any sort?

WE ALSO SHALL BE RAISED UP.

In fancy we can see some one throwing down this paper with disgust after having read a few paragraphs of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on the resurrection, because he or she does not like the doctrine therein set forth.

But, good friend, is it possible that you imagine yourself so fully informed and enlightened on this subject that there is nothing more for you to learn? Or do you think, perhaps, that all the light that can possibly be thrown upon the subject must necessarily come from one side? Have you not yet discovered that just as the pure white light of the sun contains all the colors of the rainbow, so the truth-revealing beams of the Sun of Righteousness are many colored when divided up by the prismatic action of the human mind?

No greater preacher has arisen in this generation than Charles H. Spurgeon, in whom shrewd practical common sense was combined with intense spirituality and large mental capacity. Such a man might make mistakes; or, rather, being human, he must make mistakes; and yet it cannot be but that there will be found a large element of truth in any doctrine which he proclaims with as much earnestness as is evinced in this sermon. For while even the best men in these days do not receive such perfect guidance from the Holy Spirit as to make them infallible, it is certain that the Holy Spirit will not allow any one who leans on Him alone for guidance, as Mr. Spurgeon did, to preach a doctrine that is altogether false.

Here is a truth that we would like to press home upon the heart and intellect of every reader of this paper—the man who accepts the most crude and literal interpretations of Scripture, and who believes with all his heart and strives to live out his creed, is nearer to the truth, infinitely nearer, than the man who reasons about truth until he has reasoned the heart out of it and then holds it only as a sort of speculative opinion.

But think of this, you who refuse to sit for half an hour at the feet of such a man as Spurgeon because his views do not commend themselves to you—you are practically cultivating the very attitude of mind which you would be most ready to condemn in others. Superstition is just as much superstition when it is based on one's own prejudices or on the teachings of some modern school of philosophical skepticism, as it is when based on traditions that have been handed down from the dark ages. The man or woman who wants to be a free thinker in the only true or creditable meaning of that expression must recognize the fact that truth is infinite, and that while he or she may and should know something about it very clearly, there are many sides to it and many phases of it which as yet they have not seen.

In regard to the particular truth dealt with in this sermon, it may be that the preacher presents it in too literal and material an aspect; it may even be that in his later years Mr. Spurgeon himself would have presented it in a somewhat different light. We know not. But this we do know—that the most literal possible rendering of the statements of the divine Word cannot but contain the spiritual truth which the Holy Spirit has designed to teach us in the Word. And this we know—that there is no living truth in agnosticism; for living truth is a positive, not a negative quantity.

Believe. Believe. Believe. This is the demand which God makes upon us all through the Bible, and those who cultivate the frame of mind which leads them to feel as if it was better to believe nothing than to run any risk of believing too much are in that respect at least educating themselves away from God and not toward God.

The resurrection body, is as Paul tells us, a spiritual and incorruptible body and not a carnal and corruptible body. But to assume that therefore it will have no connection with or real likeness to the present body is practically to assume that the resurrection is a myth and that Paul instead of being guided by the Holy Spirit in his writings was merely a propounder of crude philosophic speculations.

This is simply one phase of skepticism and skepticism in all its phases is hurtful to the soul, robbing it of the power to absorb sustenance from the Word of life.

If Mr. Spurgeon's sermon in this paper shall have the effect of bringing home to the hearts of believers, and to the consciences of unbelievers, the reality of the resurrection and of the rewards and punishments to be looked for in the future life, thus stimulating many to live more than they have done heretofore in the light of eternal realities, then its publication here will be a means of great blessing. And it matters very little, nothing at all in fact, in comparison, if some shall gather from it a too material view of these truths.

Our Lord Himself, who was The Truth, the Light of the World, was not at all careful to guard against the danger of being too literally understood, and we have no fear of doing any harm to any one by following His example.

$100 Columbia Bicycle Competition.

We are happy to tell you that next week we propose publishing the terms of a competition, the chief prize of which will be a ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR COLUMBIA BICYCLE. There will also be Cash Prizes and Cash Commissions. All our friends, both old and new, and those who receive SABBATH READING this week as a sample copy, are invited to compete. See next week's issue for full particulars. Sample copies free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & Co., 150 Nassau St., N.Y.

WINDOWS IN LIFE.

ROBERT CHAMBERS, in his "Reminiscences," tells us that the hamlet in which his childhood was passed was so old and dull that there was a common Scotch proverb, "As quiet as the grave or Peebles."

The people knew nothing of the outside world until a certain Tom Fleck became possessed of an ancient copy of "Josephus," and went from house to house each night reading a chapter from it. The village soon grew wildly excited as the siege of Jerusalem progressed. The people crowded to listen at night, and discussed the position of affairs by day. For the first time in their lives they saw that there was something in the world outside of their hamlet, and it did not matter that this something had existed eighteen centuries ago.

The life of Robert Chambers was as pinched and bare as that of his neighbors until he found in a closet in the attic a copy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." The boy learned in it for the first time that there were such things as literature, art, astronomy and geology. It was like cutting a window in a jail cell, through which he saw the world and the heavens beyond.

American life is busy and crowded, but there are countless homes which are as narrow and monotonous as were the weavers' huts in Peebles. There are men who see nothing outside of their fields, or their shops, or their offices, taking little note of the politics either of town or nation.

Women are often so shut in by the drudgery which is their duty that they forget that a great world lies outside of their kitchen walls, and that above them is the mystery of God's universe.

Sometimes it is not her work but her dress that bounds the woman's view: or, it may be, her servants, or the petty concerns of her neighbors.

Newspapers and books may be open chinks in these prisoned lives, provided we do not choose only the fashion column or the prurient novel to read. A window in a house which opens on a mass of corruption lets in disease and death. Better by far the blank wall.

Any attempt at study or any innocent hobby will widen your lives. You cannot look up any question in history or science, or watch the habits of the dog on your hearth, or note carefully the weed or the beetle at your doorstep without opening an infinite vista, at the far end of which waits God.

Who would stay in a cell when all out-of-doors is waiting? Cut windows into your life and lift its roof, and then look to see if your neighbors' lives are close and dark, and seek for some way by which they also can receive God's sunshine and air.—*Youth's Companion.*

Common Sense Talks TO YOUNG MEN 23

George R. Scott.

Settle down! Yes, settle down to something and put all your energies into doing that something well. Do not scatter yourself all over, for the years, weeks, months and days are too short to permit such a proceeding on your part.

Our heads are too small to take in almost everything, and, therefore, if you are at all desirous to do something well cull out from the mass of occupations what you would like and can do best and stick close to that.

Gifts are given out to men, women and boys somewhat on the stingy plan, and the reason is, that they may be well appreciated and rightly used.

It would be strange to see a boy with the gift of oratory an adept with tools. The very fact that he had the power to express his views in public would naturally turn his mind from mechanical methods.

Take any ten young men of your acquaintance; you will notice that they look different, think different, act different, and live different. Born with entirely different talents, they will go down to their graves different. It will not be their fault as they cannot help it.

It is very little use trying to counteract the condition I have been trying to to make plain. It is like trying to run up the rapids.

The boy who is gifted at handling tools will find himself next to nobody at writing down his thoughts on paper or giving vent to them through his mouth.

And it is well it is so, for if we all had all the gifts this would be a strange country, and individuality would be a thing of the past.

What each young man is cut out to do best is a problem that he must settle for himself. And to ascertain which he must study himself oftener than he does others. I cannot tell a young man when he has a slight headache, and I cannot tell a young man whether he has a slight calling to "that or the other thing."

Some young people have their heads examined, and thus make up their minds as to what it is best to do. I do not quarrel with such people, but do not take much stock in the method. When a boy a gentleman, looking as wise as an owl, took upon himself to examine my head free. He told me more than ever I dreamed of my capacities; and, what is more to the point, some things that even as a boy I could not help laughing at. Among other things, that I had a faculty for mathematics—one of the weakest spots in my make-up.

The best way to find out what you are best at is to harken well to the criticisms of others. During my nearly sixty years of pilgrimage in this world, I have been pretty nearly correctly sized-up. I find myself not much overrated or underrated. The general public gives every one about all his or her due; and if there is any mistake made it is in the direction of charity—not the other way.

Young man, as you travel through the world keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth generally shut. By so doing you will hear those things that will be a blessing to you. That is, if you carefully digest what is said about you rather than about others.

People's opinions of the "other fellow" may be more interesting and less irksome to listen to; but the best thing to do is to let the "other fellow" chew on the criticisms intended for him. They were not intended for you, and therefore will not apply to your case, one way or the other.

A young man wrote me this week asking, in effect, what are the correct indications that he is a writer and a speaker, as he proposes to use those two gifts to obtain his livelihood. About the only reply I can make is this: Do the people read with pleasure what you write? And the same as a speaker—do the people turn out to meeting and listen to you? If not, there is a screw loose somewhere.

A public writer or speaker should be able to so write and speak as to interest himself; for if he cannot do that why should he expect to be interesting to others?

When a writer sits down to pen a pathetic article it is valueless unless the paper upon which his thoughts are written is dotted with his tears. And so with speaking—he must feel personally the effects of the thoughts he is uttering.

As soon as you can find out the way you are built and what you were intended for, and then settle down to follow out that path. After that all that will be necessary is the blessing of God that is given to everyone who asks.

MAKE a firm-built fence of trust
All around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars,
Anxious for the morrow.
God will help in all that comes,
Be it joy or sorrow.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE contributes to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* a pleasing account of the relations still in many cases subsisting between the white people of the South and their former slaves. When she herself made a visit South not long ago, her old nurse traveled one hundred and fifty miles to see her; and she tells of a New York gentleman one of a yachting party, who left his companions in Jacksonville, Florida, for a day, and went off to find his old black nurse, whom he had not seen since he was a child.

"The old woman, now nearly eighty, hugged and kissed the 'society man,' called him her 'blessed chile,' 'ole massa,' and other endearing names, and fairly danced with joy;" and the man, when his comrades joked him about the matter on his return, answered:

"Well, I wouldn't have missed that pleasure, and the joy it brought to that old soul, for the entire cruise."

Of the faithfulness of the blacks to their masters' families during the war Mrs. De Fontaine gives several fine examples.

One family, living on a remote plantation, were told that their servants were holding nightly meetings in the kitchen. It was feared, naturally, that they might be getting ready to desert to the Federals. Two of the young ladies crept softly downstairs to hear what the conspiracy might be. Their fears were quickly relieved. The servants were all on their knees, while one of them was putting up a fervent petition to their "Fader in heben to bless missis an' de children, partickler de young marsters in de wah."

At a time of great distress and destitution after the war, an old slave appeared before his former master with a lot of provisions.

"Massa," he said, "It nearly break my heart to see you an' ole mistis in dis ole shanty, but it would break 'tirely ef I knowed you was hungry an' couldn't git nothin' ter eat."

"But I cannot take these things from you," said his ex-master, "and leave you and your family to starve."

"No danger of dat; Peter's used ter helpin' hissef, an' dat, massa, you nebber could do, nor ole mis' either."

The white man's eyes filled with tears as he answered:

"I may live to repay you, Peter."

"Lor' sake, massa, you's done dat already. You's took care ob Peter a good many, years, an' I's sure it's his turn ter take care ob you an' old mis'."

A young woman who had already lost her husband and her fortune, was suddenly bereft of her only child, a little girl. Shortly after her death old Ben, who had been in the family since boyhood, entered the room with a handful of white roses. The mother sat beside the couch, holding one of the little hands in hers.

"Daddy Ben," said she, "do you know that little Miss Alice will have to be buried in a pine coffin? I have no money to get any other."

"Not while old Ben lives, Mis' Ca'line. No chile ob Marse Robert's gwine to de grabe in a pine box."

So saying, he kissed the little white hands, placed the roses in them, and left the room. He went directly to his cabin, dressed himself, took an old wallet out of a well-worn hair trunk, and started in a rowboat for Charleston. Then he went to an undertaker and said:

"I want ter see de nicest coffin you'se got suitable for a little chile ten years ole."

He bought it, and taking out the old wallet, soliloquized after this manner: "Marse Robert nebber tink w'en he gib de ole man dis jes' 'fore he gone to de wah' dat it was gwinter buy a coffin for his little Alice. But I couldn't look Marse Robert and ole mistis in de face in de nex' worl' ef I let dat chile be put in a pine coffin."

The old man had the coffin placed in his boat, and rowed back to the plantation with a feeling that he had done his duty. —*Youth's Companion.*

THE SALOON'S BEST ALLY.

This is the caption of an editorial article in the WITNESS of March 25. It is an earnest appeal to church members. If you don't take the WITNESS let us send you a free copy containing this article. Send your address.

THE TWO PASSES.

A KAFFIR'S SERMON.

"YOU must preach for me next Sunday morning," said Missionary H——, of Tinana, a Moravian station in Kaffraria, to his native schoolmaster one day. Business demanded his absence from the station, and he did not think it possible to get back in time. "But," he added, "you cannot take the text I meant to have done, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' You do not know anything about Cæsar, and you do not know the things that are Cæsar's. You had better take the subject of Jonah, which we have been studying together."

The missionary went away on duty, knowing that he left his people in good hands for his morning sermon. How good, the sequel shows.

Sunday morning came, and Mr. H—— was riding homeward much earlier than he expected. In fact, he entered his church in time to hear the text given out, and, unseen by his Kaffir schoolmaster, to listen to the sermon. To his surprise the text was, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

"What will he make of it?" thought Mr. H——.

"My dear friends," began the native preacher, "you don't know anything about Cæsar, nor do I. But you know God, and you know the things which belong to God.

"With us Kaffirs it is like this—we all have to have a pass. [According to the Colonial Regulations it is so.] When you become a Mission Kaffir you get a pass from God. On Sundays you come here to the church, and on week-days you go about your business, and according to the pass, you render unto God the things that belong to Him.

"But presently other thoughts arise in your minds. You think of the old heathen ways, and you say to yourself, 'Oh, I should like to steal a sheep' (the wealth of the Kaffirs consists in cattle, and thefts of this kind are very frequent among them), but then it isn't in the pass.

"Again you begin to think to yourself, 'I should like to have another wife.' (The heathen Kaffirs are polygamists.) But then it isn't in the pass.

"Now, you don't drive those thoughts away, as you ought to, and they come again and again. Ere long another thought comes too. 'Oh, I know where I can get another pass.' So away you go to Satan, and you knock at his door.

"'Come in! Oh, it's you, is it; you come from Tinana. Can I do anything for you?'

"'Yes, Mr. Satan; I should like to steal a sheep.'

"'Oh, yes, yes, we can help you to that.'

"'And then, Mr. Satan, please, I should like to marry another wife.'

"'Oh, yes, yes, we can help you to that, too. What you want from me is a pass, I suppose?'

"'Yes, please, Mr. Satan.'

"So Satan sits down and he writes you a pass, and he signs it Satan, and he hands it to you and you take it and put it in your bosom.

"Now you have two passes!

"What follows? On Sundays you still come to church and act according to the one pass. But on Wednesdays you go about wicked ways according to the other pass, and your missionary does not know. But God knows. He knows all about you, just as He knew all about Jonah when he was going astray."

"Oh, oh!" thought the unseen missionary, as he listened; "Jonah has come into the sermon after all."

The preacher continues solemnly:

"But there is coming a day, when you will have to stand before God, and He will demand your pass."

Kaffirs are an eloquent race, and print can scarcely express the graphic effect of the schoolmaster's words and gestures.

"The pass is handed up, and the sinner stands trembling and ashamed before his Judge, who says:

"'Tinana, so you come from Tinana! Yes, I know Mr. H——. But have you another pass?'

Silence ensues, for the sinner fears to bring out the other pass in his bosom.

"'Have you another pass!'

Again an embarrassed silence, then, still more searchingly and sternly comes the question.

"'Have you another pass?'

"'Ye—es," falters the culprit, as he plucks Satan's pass from his bosom and hands it to his Judge.

"'What is this?' says the Judge. "Whose name is this? Satan's?' Then the first pass is torn into shreds, and with the forefinger directed downwards, the sentence is pronounced, "You have no place here; you belong down there.'"

So ended the sermon, but the hearts of the hearers felt it's personal application. During the week that followed more than one of the Tinana Kaffirs came to tell their missionary that they had been living according to two passes, but that they had determined to give up Satan's.—*The Illustrated Missionary News.*

FOOCHOW MISSION: MARKED GROWTH.

THE missionaries from the interior were at New Year's still at Foochow, the American Consul advising them not to return at present to Shao-wu, but they were hoping to go inland in January. Mr. Walker writes that they were hearing good reports from the interior. At Iong-k'eu there were said to be over 100 inquirers.

But the most cheering reports come from the city of Foochow, from which place Mr. Beard wrote December 26:

"Last year the churches were crowded, but all who came could find at least standing room. This year, long before the time for opening the exercises, the church at Hâ púo Gâ was full and the door locked, with the street in front of the church crowded, and after the exercises closed no less than fifty were waiting to come in and 'look.' At Céu Cio Dong all were admitted through one back door, the aisles and window-sills were full, and it was difficult to keep the crowds from pushing in the doors. Over 500 people were packed into the church, which seats less than 300. When it is necessary, a Chinaman can put himself into an incredibly small space. My hopes may be too sanguine, but I trust that the First Church will not require any more aid from the Board to meet its running expenses. At present, with the help of Au-iông-tie chapel, it is able to meet all its expenses.

"The services at the different churches last Sunday made the hearts of all God's children here glad. At Hâ púo Gâ eight united, at Géu Cio Dong twelve; in the city and out-stations over twenty, making over forty who united themselves with God's people in one day. Many asked to unite but were advised to wait till the next communion season.

"One young woman was to unite with the Hâ Púo church. On Friday she was to be married to a heathen man. When the bridal chair arrived in which she was to be carried to the house of her future husband, she stoutly affirmed that she would not get into it until she had from her to-be husband and his family a satisfactory guarantee that she would not be compelled to worship the ancestral tablets. This created no small excitement. It was a very unusual occurrence for a woman to make such a demand. The pastor's wife said that thirty-six different places along the road between the young woman's house and that of her future husband were all wrought up over the matter, but she carried the day, and was promised freedom of worship. At the marriage, and during the ceremonies which followed, the husband offered the gifts to the household idols and worshiped heaven and earth; the young wife turned the other way and prayed to the Heavenly Father. Sunday morning every thing possible was done to make her offer to the idols, but she was firm. Then every hindrance was placed in the way of her coming to church. But she was resolute, and although late came to meet with the disciples of the Lord Jesus. She was hindered from uniting with the church on that day, but is ready for the next communion. This occurrence has done much to strengthen our faith in the character of the Chinese. It has also done more than any effort of a missionary could do to bring Christianity before the people."—*Missionary Herald.*

SMYRNA.

MISS POHL writes thus of the Girls' School at Smyrna: "We praise the Lord that we have a good school year to report. We have 135 on the roll and twenty-two of them as boarders. It seems as if these troublesome times made the girls more earnest and thoughtful. Some time ago we proposed a self-denial week, so that we might send some money to Mr. Reynolds. The girls brought in their metallics and paras so cheerfully, and the boarders were satisfied with very plain food and no dessert for a week; and the fruit we get after the meal is always the best part. Again today, after our King's Daughters' meeting, where we heard of so many awful sufferers here and our treasury empty and our means more than exhausted, we have been trying to find some ways to get some money. At dinner the girls at my table offered to go without fruit for a month, so as to get some means to help the great need. I am sure the girls are praying more than ever before by themselves, and for some time past the whole school has remained at noon for ten minutes and we have a session of prayers together. Surely the Lord has kept us most wonderfully from all harm and danger."—*Missionary Herald.*

GOLDENHAIR AND THE BEAR.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

RICHARD MORTON was weary of life, and no wonder; for storms, many and severe, had beaten upon him, and he had not sought the shelter of the "Rock" for protection.

He was of an old family which had lived for generations in C., but for years had taken no notice of any of his neighbors. Once he had been strong and well, but now he was broken down in health, was a cripple from rheumatism, and had lost the sight of one eye.

Once a lovely wife and beautiful children had made home an earthly paradise, but long years had passed since those beloved treasures of his heart had found their wings and flown away, leaving him heart-broken and unutterably wretched.

Once he had been generous and tender-hearted, but now he "cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him."

He still lived in the old homestead that once had been bright with happy young folks and generous with old-time hospitality. But most of the rooms in the old mansion were closed and locked. What did he care for his fine old house in his loneliness and misery.

Richard Morton had money, plenty of it, but what was money to him in his anguish of body and soul? It did not bring him any comfort; it never could, he thought bitterly.

And so the years rolled on. Sometimes, but not often, Richard Morton took a walk. At such times he looked straight ahead without noticing anyone.

Spring had come, the big yard around the old homestead was all abloom with flowers. As for Richard Morton, he did not even know that the flowers were in bloom. He had not crossed the threshold for several weeks—indeed, at present he could hardly get about the house with the aid of crutches.

He had sent Billy to the grocery one evening and was waiting for him to return. It seemed to him at that moment as if he had never been so near despair. His head throbbed in pain, his eyeballs ached, his rheumatic limbs almost made him cry out in agony, but, worse than all else, a deep gloom pressed its heavy weight upon his soul.

Suddenly he gave a start, for some one rapped on the door. Who could be there? No one ever rapped at the door. Billy was not there to answer the knock, so he kept quiet, thinking the intruder would go away. But not so; the door opened, and a little golden-haired girl entered the room. It was in the gloaming, and the lamp not being lighted Richard Morton could not see clearly. Was this white-robed, golden-haired visitor an angel? But she answered for herself.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, as she drew near to him. "I ought not to've come in so hastily, but I saw something moving on the walk and I was afraid it was the bear."

"The bear?" questioningly. "Is there a bear around?"

"Lucy Stone said so," Goldenhair replied, her voice a little tremulous from fright; "she said it lived here. Does it, sir?"

The hot blood surged into the face of the suffering man, but he answered the question.

"Yes, the bear lives here, but it is harmless, so you need not be afraid. What you thought was the bear, however, was my man Billy. I can hear him in the kitchen now. Here he comes!"

"Fo' de lan' sake who dat, massa?" he exclaimed at sight of Goldenhair.

"A visitor," Richard Morton said calmly. "Light the lamp, Billy, and then you can get supper; it's getting late."

Billy did as he was bidden, leaving the room much to his regret, for he wanted to know "who dat yalla-haired girl was dat run in de house so quick when he come in de gate." He had no idea that she had mistaken him for a bear.

"What can I do for you, little girl?" Richard Morton asked of the child, who stood watching him wonderingly.

"Oh," said she, looking into his sad eyes pityingly. "*What can I do for you?*"

It was Richard Morton's turn to look wonderingly upon the child; his lips twitched strangely.

"Did you come here to ask me that question?" he said, in surprise.

A flush crept into Goldenhair's face, but she answered frankly:

"Oh, no. I came to ask if you could spare me a stalk of lilies—for Easter, you know; but you look so sick that I will not bother you about the flowers," and she laid one of her soft hands on his arm with a caressing touch.

"The lilies! Where are they?"

"In your yard; stalks and stalks of them! Didn't you know?"

"No," was the sad answer, "I did not know. See," pointing to his bandaged legs resting on a stool, "these painful sticks of mine hold me prisoner."

"I am so sorry!"

Not much in the words, for we hear them every day, but the tone and the manner carried weight. The blue eyes that sought the sufferer's were sweet with compassion.

"I must be going now," she said; "may I come again?"

"For the lilies?" he asked.

"To see you," she replied; "I had forgotten the lilies."

"Yes, come again."

She went out, closing the door softly behind her, but in the soul of the old man in the arm-chair she had left hope in the place of despair.

"Who is that child?" he asked when Billy announced supper.

"Dunno, Massa Richard," was the reply. "She belongs to dat new fambly dat moved on de corner lot. I've seen her at de windy wid her yalla hair a-flyin."

The next morning Billy opened his eyes to the widest extent when his master said:

"Billy, go and pick all the lilies, every stalk of them, and all the other flowers you can find. Take them to the brown house on the corner lot and give them to Goldenhair. Tell her the bear sent them."

"Oh, the beautiful flowers!" exclaimed Goldenhair after the colored man had delivered the gift of a great basketful of lovely flowers; but what did the man mean by saying the bear sent them?"

"Why, don't you know!" exclaimed Lucy Stone, who had just come in. "He meant that Mr. Morton sent the flowers. Folks call him the bear. I thought I told you."

"He isn't a bear; he's a very dear old man I think, and he spoke to me very kindly. I care for him. I think I almost love him; I must run over to his house and thank him for all these lovely flowers."

"Not now," said Lucy, impatiently.

"Yes, right away. I want to straighten out about the bear you know."

Billy was "doing up" the dishes and Richard Morton was sitting in his big arm-chair in the sitting-room when Goldenhair appeared on the scene.

"Oh," said she, throwing her arms around the old man's neck caressingly, "I thank you so much for the lovely flowers; but please don't say the bear sent them. I thought there was a bear here when I said I was afraid of it, but now I know there isn't. And here," laying a tiny booklet in his lap, "is a little Easter gift for you; it'll let you know that I love you."

She had come as if on wings, and now she was gone. The old man rubbed his dim eyes in a dazed way, as if awaking from a dream. The ministering child had seemed like an angel to him. But an angel would not have left a little book in his lap.

A year has passed since then—a blessed year to Richard Morton. You would hardly recognize him now if you should see him. His whole house is thrown open now, and every one who chooses to come is welcome. He thanks God for "the victory of Easter," for he is looking upward now to the glad meeting with the beloved ones gone beyond.—*The Mid-Continent.*

The Power of Prayer.

BY J. HUNTER WATTS.

ON the east bank of the west branch of the Susquehanna River, which winds its way like a silvery cord through the eastern part of Pennsylvania stands a beautiful inland city of several thousand inhabitants.

In this city lives a Christian family, consisting of a devoted husband and loving wife, and two interesting children, a bright lad of about ten years of age, by the name of Charles, who is the subject of our sketch, and a rosy-cheeked winsome little girl of eight Summers. The father is an industrious mechanic, a bricklayer by trade, and also a contractor. It appears that this gentleman has occasions to use a large pair of gloves about his work. These gloves will prove, as our story proceeds, how greatly the power of prayer was implanted in little Charlie's religious nature.

One day our hero was playing with some of his companions, and a game of baseball was proposed. All things necessary for a game—a ball, bats, a mask—were secured with despatch, and yet there was wanting a pair of gloves for the catcher. Little Charlie immediately thought of his father's gloves and ran quickly home and at the permission of his mamma, was allowed to use them.

Many games were played by these little fellows, and were thoroughly enjoyed as boys only can enjoy this manly sport. When the afternoon's pleasant pastime was over, Charlie returned to his home. But he stepped upon the threshold of his father's house with a sad heart and crestfallen countenance, because he made the discovery that one of the gloves was missing, and could not account for its disappearance.

Being thus troubled in mind, and fearing punishment from his father, he went to his mother and made known to her all

the burden that was upon his young and tender heart. The mother kindly and earnestly reminded her son that in times of trouble and distress he should not forget to "take everything to the Lord in prayer."

Laboring under the impulse of the moment, and his maternal admonition, the little fellow ran quickly to the ball ground, and there knelt down. In a fervent prayer he breathed out all his trouble to the great Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

At this moment a man in a large coal wagon came driving along. He noticed little Charlie in the attitude of prayer, and called out to him, "What are you doing my little man?"

Little Charlie arose suddenly, and in a frightened tone, replied, "Nothing."

"Yes you were doing something," said the good-natured teamster, "You were praying." "Come Charles, tell me what you were praying for," continued the driver, who was acquainted with the little hero, and he discerned some trouble in the lad's young heart. Whereupon Charlie told his friend all about the matter, and how he lost the glove, and how his mamma instructed him to pray to God to show him where it was.

The kind-hearted man, touched by the simple story of the boy, said to him, "Come, jump into my wagon and ride with me to my employer's office."

Little Charlie being guided by some hidden influence, obeyed the man's command. All along the way to the office, this man endeavored to cheer and raise the low spirits of our little friend.

When they stopped in front of the door of the office, the driver said to Charlie, "Now walk along into the office, I have something for you."

Little Charlie reluctantly followed him, and did not know what would be given to him. As the two entered the office together, Charlie's friend called out to his employer, and said, "Mr. B., please hand over to me that glove I left in your care a short time ago. I have found the owner, and have brought him to get it."

It appears this man who was hauling the coal, drove by the ball ground several times that day, and noticed the lads at play. Passing that way soon after the boys left for home, he saw a glove lying by the roadside. He picked it up, carried it to his employer's office, and left it there, so that it could be restored to the owner, in case any one of the boys made inquiry about the missing glove.

"The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." — *Reformed Church Record.*

Nellie's Gift.

"DID you ever want anything awful bad, and then have it come?

Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just 'splen-dor-if-ic,' and Jack's my brother, and he knows.

"I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money flys away before it gets around to what little girls want.

"I don't know how auntie found it out, unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church just so. Jack says I hold my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mits on.

"It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sabbath-school, and by-and-by I didn't, for we had such a good Sabbath-school. I forgot everything else.

"A missionary man told all the folks about some poor children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house; and they hadn't any nice houses or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn! And he said what was given to those little ones was just the same as given to Jesus.

"I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning—how she had given her two mitts, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them in the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did all choke up. But, pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out.

"'Has any little girl lost her gloves?'

"Nobody said anything, and he asked again:

"'Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?'

"It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me; so I had to say something.

"'It wasn't a mistake,' I told him; 'I wanted to help, and hadn't any money; but I knew how the poor woman in the Bible gave her two mitts, and so——'

"Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

"I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what for; if m-i-t-e-s don't spell mitts, what does it spell? Course I cried, but my teacher put her arms around me and whispered 'Never mind, little Nellie,' and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling, "Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure. Have we older ones done as much?'

"Some way the money just poured into the basket after that, and the minister looked gladder and gladder.

"They brought my mitts back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give.

"But oh, how full the basket was; and when that gentleman counted it his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly, though I didn't know what he meant, 'And a little child shall lead them.'"—*Presbyterian.*

A Pig Story.

LITTLE MARY WALSH lived in the country.

"I have the funniest pet for you that ever you saw," said her papa one evening as she was coming from school.

"What can it be?" she wondered.

"Come with me to the barn, and you shall see," said her papa.

The "pet" was in a little box all by itself. And what do you suppose it was? It was a very small pig.

"Not a very nice pet after all," thought Mary the first time she saw it.

But she pitied it because it had no mother to care for it. And strange as it may seem, there came a day when piggy saved Mary's life. I will tell you how it happened, for I doubt if you could ever guess how a creature so senseless and selfish as piggy could save a little girl's life.

In the first place, every morning before school and every evening after school, Mary would feed piggy, who was very fond of milk. Piggy soon learned to squeal and grunt in great glee when he would spy her coming with her bright little pail. Mary was sure he loved her. But her papa thought piggy was only a glutton who liked milk better than he liked his kind young mistress. No matter which was right, it is certain that when he was allowed to run at large, piggy would follow Mary about like a dog, every time she carried a pail. Few pigs were fed so well as piggy. In a few weeks he grew so fat that Mr. Chaup, the butcher, wanted to buy him. Mary had never admired Mr. Chaup and she liked him still less when he called her piggy a hog. Her tears saved piggy's life.

One day Mary went out for blackberries. Of course, she carried her pail, and of course, piggy followed her. He squealed so loudly that Mary had to let him look into the pail to show him there was no milk in it. Even then he did not seem to feel sure that his eyes were telling him the truth.

Mary went out into the thicket where the berries were large and luscious. In an hour her pail was more than half filled. She came to some very large stones. Beyond these the tempting fruit hung in richer clusters than any she had gathered. She could not climb over the rocks, but she thought she could go round them: so she began to push aside the bushes. She was so busy that she paid no attention to the warning "whir-r-r, whir-r-r, whir-r-r," which her father had so often cautioned her to beware of. At length she noticed it; but alas, not in time to save herself; for a great yellow rattlesnake lay coiled at her very feet. Her limbs were paralyzed with fright. She knew its fangs were charged with deadly poison. Dropping her pail to the ground she uttered a single piercing scream.

"Snap, snap, whir-r-r."

Piggy plunged past her at the very moment the reptile was about to strike its cruel fangs into her flesh. Shake, shake, shake. Behold piggy, who was greedily devouring Mr. Snake.

"Poor, poor piggy," thought Mary, "he has saved my life. But he will surely be poisoned."

Just then Mary's papa came running to her. He had heard her cry.

"Poor piggy is poisoned," she said, with tearful eyes. "He ate the snake to save my life."

"He will not die. There is nothing in the world which pigs like so well as rattlesnake meat. But I must admit that piggy has saved my little girl's life."

"He is a real hero," Mary said. "How he loves me!"

"And how he loves snake!" said her papa.

"You will never sell him to Mr. Chaup, will you, papa?"

"No, dear; that I will not. Piggy deserves to die of old age."

"And he is not a hog, is he, papa? That horrid Mr. Chaup talks as if piggy were only a common hog, you know."

"Whatever he is, my child, he has proved to-day that it pays to be kind, even to a pig," said her papa, taking her in his arms and starting for home, while piggy squealed loudly for milk.

To this day Mr. Chaup eyes piggy wistfully every time he sees him, but gets no encouragement either from Mary or her papa.—*Observer.*

Echoes of the Pulpit.

The Resurrection of the Dead.

BY REV. CHAS. H. SPURGEON.

There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.—Acts 24 : 15.

THE apostles, when they preached, always testified concerning the resurrection of Jesus and the consequent resurrection of the dead. It appears that the Alpha and Omega of their Gospel was the testimony that Jesus died and rose again from the dead according to the Scriptures. When they chose another apostle in the place of Judas, who had become apostate (Acts 1: 22), they said, "One must be ordained to be a witness with us of His resurrection;" so that the very office of an apostle was to be a witness of the resurrection.

And well did they fulfil their office. When Peter stood up before the multitude, he declared unto them that "David spoke of the resurrection of Christ." When Peter and John were taken before the council, the great cause of their arrest was that the rulers were grieved "because they taught the people, and preached through Jesus Christ the resurrection from the dead." (Acts 4: 2.) When they were set free, after having been examined, it is said, "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great peace was upon them all." (Acts 4: 33.) It was this which stirred the curiosity of the Athenians when Paul preached among them. "They said, he seemeth to be a setter-forth of strange gods, because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection of the dead." And this moved the laughter of the Areopagites, for when he spoke of the resurrection of the dead, "some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter." Truly did Paul say, when he stood before the council of the Pharisees and Sadducees, "Concerning the resurrection of the dead I am called in question." And equally true did he constantly assert, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is vain, and ye are yet in your sins." The resurrection of Jesus and the resurrection of the righteous is a doctrine which we believe, but which we too seldom preach or care to read about.

We are now about to preach that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. We shall consider first the resurrection of the just; and secondly, the resurrection of the unjust.

1. There shall be a resurrection of the just.

The first proof I will offer of this is that it has been the constant and unvarying faith of the saints from the earliest periods of time. Abraham believed the resurrection of the dead, for it is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter 11, verse 10, that he "accounted that God was able to raise up Isaac even from the dead; from whence also He received him in a figure." I have no doubt that Joseph believed in the resurrection, for he gave commandment concerning his bones; and surely he would not have been so careful of his body if he had not believed that it should be raised from the dead. The patriarch Job was a firm believer in it, for he said, in that oft-repeated text, Job 19: 25, 26, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." David believed it beyond a shadow of a doubt, for he sang of Christ, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine holy One to see corruption." Daniel believed it, for he said, that "many who sleep in the dust shall rise, some to everlasting life, and some to everlasting contempt." Souls do not sleep in the dust; bodies do. It will do you good to turn to one or two passages and see what these holy men thought. For instance, in Isaiah 26: 19, you read: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." We will offer no explanation. The text is positive and sure. It is declared by Paul, also, in Hebrews 11: 35, that such was the constant faith of the martyrs; for he says, "Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." All those holy men and women, who, during the time of the Maccabees, stood fast by their faith, and endured the fire and sword, and tortures unutterable, believed in the resurrection, and that resurrection stimulated them to give their bodies to the flames, not caring even for death, but believing that thereby they should attain to a blessed resurrection. But our Saviour brought the resurrection to light in the most excellent manner, for He explicitly and frequently declared it. "Marvel not," said He, "at what I have said unto you. Behold the hour cometh when they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of God." "The hour is coming when He will call the dead to judgment, and they shall stand before His throne." Indeed, throughout His preaching, there was one continued flow of firm belief, and a public and positive declaration of the resurrection of the dead. We maintain, as our text doth, that "there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust."

A second proof, we think, we find in the translation of Enoch and Elijah to Heaven. We read of two men who went to Heaven in their bodies. Enoch "was not; for God took him;" and Elijah was carried to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Neither of these men left his ashes in the grave; neither left his body to be consumed by the worm, but both of them in their mortal frames (changed and glorified doubtless) ascended up on high. Now, those two were the pledge to us that all of us shall rise in the same manner.

The resurrections that have already taken place give us hope and confidence that there shall be a resurrection of all saints. Do you not remember that it is written, when Jesus rose from the dead many of the saints that were in their graves arose, and came into the city, and appeared to many? Have you not heard that Lazarus, though he had been dead three days, came from the grave at the word of Jesus? Have you never read how the daughter of Jairus awoke from the sleep of death when He said, "*Talitha, cumi?*" Have you never seen Him at the gates of Nain, bidding the widow's son rise from the bier? Have you forgotten that Dorcas, who made garments for the poor, sat up and saw Peter after she had been dead? And do you not remember Eutychus who fell from the third loft and was taken up dead, but who, at the prayer of Paul, was raised again? Or, does not your memory roll back to the time when hoary Elijah stretched himself upon the dead child, and the child breathed, and sneezed seven times, and his soul came to him? Or have you not read that when they buried a man, as soon as he touched the prophet's bones he rose again to life? These are pledges of the resurrection; a few specimens, a few chance gems flung into the world to tell us how full God's hand is of resurrection jewels. He hath given us proof that He is able to raise the dead, by the resurrection of a few, who afterward were seen on earth by infallible witnesses.

We must now, however, leave these things, and refer you once more to the Holy Spirit by way of confirming the doctrine that the saints' bodies shall rise again. The chapter in which you will find one great proof is in the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians 6: 13: "Now the body is not for fornication, but for the Lord; and the Lord for the body." The body, then, is the Lord's. Christ died not only to save my soul, but to save my body. It is said "He came to seek and to save that which was lost." When Adam sinned, he lost his body, and he lost his soul too; he was a lost man, lost altogether. And when Christ came to save His people, He came to save their bodies and their souls. "Now the body is not for fornication, but for the Lord." Is this body for the Lord, and shall death devour it? Is this body for the Lord, and shall winds scatter its particles far away where they never shall discover their fellows? No! the body is for the Lord, and the Lord shall have it. "And God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise us by His own power."

Now look at the next verse, "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" Not merely is the soul a part of Christ—united to Christ, but the body is also. These hands, these feet, these eyes, are members of Christ, if I be a child of God. I am one with Him, not merely as to my mind, but one with Him as to this outward frame. The very body is taken into union. The golden chain which binds Christ to His people goes round the body and soul too. Did not the apostle say, "They two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church?" (Eph. 5: 31, 32.) "They are one flesh;" and Christ's people are not only one with Him in spirit, but they are "one flesh" too. The flesh of man is united with the flesh of the God-man; and our bodies are members of Jesus Christ. Well, while the head lives the body cannot die; and while Jesus lives the members cannot perish. Further, the apostle says, in the nineteenth verse, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price." This body, he says, is the temple of the Holy Ghost; and where the Holy Ghost dwells in a body, He not only sacrifices it, but renders it eternal. The temple of the Holy Ghost is as eternal as the Holy Ghost. You may demolish other temples, and their gods too, but the Holy Ghost cannot die, nor "can His temple perish."

Shall this body which has once had the Holy Ghost in it be always food for worms? Shall it never be seen more, but be like the dry bones of the valley? No; the dry bones shall live, and the temple of the Holy Ghost shall be built up again. Though the legs, the pillars, of that temple fall, though the eyes, the

windows, of it be darkened, and those that look out of them see no more, yet God shall rebuild this fabric, re-light the eyes, and restore its pillars, and regild it with beauty, yea, "this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible put on incorruption."

But the master argument with which we close our proof is that Christ rose from the dead: and verily His people shall. The chapter which we read at the commencement of the service is proof to a demonstration, that if Christ rise from the dead all His people must; that if there be no resurrection, then is Christ not risen. As Christ actually rose from the dead—flesh and blood—so shall we. Christ was not a spirit when He rose from the dead: His body could be touched. Did not Thomas put his hand into His side? and did not Christ say, "Handle Me, and see. A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have." And if we are to rise as Christ did—and we are taught so—then we shall rise in our bodies—not spirits, not fine aerial things, made of I know not what—some very fine and elastic substance: but "as the Lord our Saviour rose, so all His followers must." We shall rise in our flesh, "though all flesh is not the same flesh"; we shall rise in our bodies, though all bodies are not the same bodies; and we shall rise in glory, though all glories are not the same glories. "There is one flesh of man and another of beasts": and there is one flesh of this body, and another flesh of the heavenly body. There is one body for the soul here, and another body for the spirit up there; and yet it shall be the same body that will rise again from the grave, the same, I say, in identity, though not in glory or in adaptation.

I come now to some practical thoughts from this doctrine before I go to the other.

My brethren, what thoughts of comfort there are in this doctrine, that the dead shall rise again. Some of us have, perhaps, this week been standing by the grave; there were tears shed there: do you know what they were about? There was not a solitary tear shed about the soul. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not required to give us comfort, for we knew it well. But I have comfort for you. That body will rise again; that eye will flash with genius again; that hand will be held out in affection once more. Believe me, I am speaking no fiction. That very hand, that positive hand, those cold, clay-like arms that hung by the side and fell when you uplifted them, shall hold a harp one day; and those poor fingers, now icy and hard, shall be swept along the living strings of golden harps in Heaven. Will not that remove your tears? "He is not dead, but sleepeth." He is not lost, he is "seed sown against harvest time to ripen." His body is resting a little while, bathing itself in spices, that it may be fit for the embraces of its Lord.

And here is comfort for you, too, you poor sufferers, who suffer in your bodies. Some of you are almost martyrs with aches of one kind and another—lumbagoes, gouts, rheumatisms, and all sorts of sad afflictions that flesh is heir to. Scarcely a day passes but you are tormented with some suffering or other; and if you were silly enough to be always doctoring yourselves, you might always be having the doctor in your house. Here is comfort for you. That poor old rickety body of yours will live again without its pains, without its agonies; that poor shaky frame will be repaid all it has suffered.

Don't fear to suffer in your frame, because your frame will one day share in your delights. Every nerve will thrill with delight, every muscle move with bliss; your eyes will flash with the fire of eternity; your heart will beat and pulsate with immortal blessedness; your frame shall be the channel of beatitude: the body which is now often a cup of wormwood, will be a vessel of honey; this body, which is often a comb out of which gall distilleth, shall be a honeycomb of blessedness to you. Comfort yourselves, then, ye sufferers, weary languishers upon the bed: fear not, your bodies shall live.

But now a word of warning, and then I have done with this part of the subject. If your bodies are to dwell in Heaven, I beseech you take care of them. I do not mean to take care of what you eat and drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed; but I mean, take care that you do not let your bodies be polluted by sin. If this throat is to warble forever with songs of glory, let not words of lust defile it: if these eyes are to see the King in His beauty, ever let this be your prayer: "Turn off my eyes from beholding vanities"; if these hands are to hold a palm-branch, oh, let them never take a bribe, let them never seek after evil; if these feet are to walk the golden streets, let them not be swift after mischief; if this tongue is forever to talk of all He said and did, ah! let it not utter light and frothy things; and if this heart is to pulsate forever with bliss, I beseech you give it not unto strangers, neither let it wander after evil. If this body is to live forever, what care we ought to take of it; for our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and they are members of the Lord Jesus.

II. But now we come to the resurrection of the wicked. Will the wicked rise too?

The first proof is given in the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians 5: 10. "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Now, since we are all to appear, the wicked must appear, and they will receive the deeds done in the body.

But this is not the only text to prove the doctrine; I will give you a better one, Matt. 5: 29: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell"—not "thy whole soul," but "thy whole body." Man, this does not say that thy soul shall be in hell, that is affirmed many times, but it positively declares that thy body shall. That same body which is now standing in the aisle, or sitting in the pew, if thou diest without Christ, shall burn forever in the flames of hell. It is not a fancy of man, but a truth, that thy actual flesh and blood, and those very bones shall suffer —"thy whole body shall be cast into hell."

But hear another proof out of the same Gospel, chapter 10: 28: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Hell will be the place for bodies as well as souls. As I have remarked, whenever Christ speaks of hell, and of the lost state of the wicked, He always speaks of their bodies; you scarcely find Him saying anything about their souls. He says, "Where their worm dieth not," which is a figure of physical suffering—the worm torturing forever the inmost heart, like a cancer within the very soul. He speaks of the "fire that shall never be quenched." Now, do not begin telling me that that is metaphorical fire. Who cares for that? If a man were to threaten to give me a metaphorical blow on the head, I should care very little about it; he would be welcome to give me as many as he pleased. And what say the wicked? "We do not care about metaphorical fire." But they are real, reader—yes, as real as yourself. There is a real fire in hell, as truly as you now have a real body—a fire exactly like that which we have on earth in every thing except this, that it will not consume, though it will torture you. You have seen the asbestos lying in the fire red hot, but when you take it out it is unconsumed. So your body will be prepared by God in such a way that it will burn forever without being consumed: it will lie, not as you consider, in metaphorical fire, but in actual flame. Did our Saviour mean fictions when He said He would cast body and soul into hell? What should there be a pit for if there were no bodies? why fire, why chains, if there were to be no bodies? Can fire touch the soul? can pits shut in spirits? can chains fetter souls? No; pits, and fire, and chains are for bodies, and bodies shall be there.

But now I must have a little reasoning with the ungodly on one or two points. First, I will reason with such of you as are very proud of your comely bodies, and array yourselves in goodly ornaments, and make yourselves glorious in your apparel. There are some of you who have no time for prayer, but you have time enough for your toilet; you have no time for the prayer meeting, but you have time enough to be brushing your hair to all eternity; you have no time to bend your knee, but plenty of time to make yourselves look smart and grand. Ah! fine lady, thou who takest care of thy goodly fashioned face, and thou proud gentleman, dress thyself for the worm; anoint thyself for the crawling creatures of the grave; and, worse, come thon to hell with powdered hair, come thou down to the pit in goodly apparel; come there, to find thyself no higher than others, except it be higher in torture, and plunged deeper in flames. Ay, it ill becomes us to waste so much time upon the trifling here, when there is so much to be done, and so little time for doing it in the saving of men's souls. O God, our God, deliver men from feasting and pampering their bodies when they are only fattening them for the slaughter, and feeding them to be devoured in the flame.

Again, hear me when I say to you who are gratifying your lusts—do you know that those bodies, the lusts of which you gratify here, will be in hell, and that you will have the same lusts in hell that you have here? The debauchee hastes to indulge his body in what he desires—can he do that in hell? Can he find a place there where he shall gratify his lust and find indulgence for his foul desire? The drunkard here can pour down his throat the intoxicating and deadly draught; but where will he find the liquor to drink in hell, when his drunkenness will be as hot upon him as it is here! Ay, where will he find so much as a drop of water to cool his parched tongue? The man who loves gluttony here will be a glutton there; but where will be the food to satisfy him, when he may hold his finger up and see the loaves go away from him, and the fruits refuse his grasp.

Readers, you are living without Christ.

many of you; you are self-righteous and ungodly. One of you is going out this afternoon to take his day's pleasure; another is a fornicator in secret; another to cheat his neighbor; another can now and then curse God; another goes to church, but in secret he is a drunkard; another prates about godliness, and God wots he is a damned hypocrite. What will ye do in that day when ye stand before your Maker? It is a little thing to have your minister upbraid you now; it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment; what will ye do when God shall thunder out, not your accusation, but your condemnation, "Depart ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels?" Ah! ye sensual ones, I knew I should never move you while I spoke about torments for your souls. Do I move you now? Ah! no. Many of you will go away and laugh, and call me, as I once remember being called before, "a hell-fire parson." You listen to me now unmoved; it will be harder work when death gets hold of you. Now you despise Christ; you won't despise Him then. Now ye can waste your Sabbaths; then ye would give a thousand worlds for a Sabbath if ye could but have it in Heaven. Now ye can scoff and jeer; there will be no scoffing or jeering then. Oh, my readers! the wrath to come! the wrath to come! the wrath to come! Who among you can dwell with devouring fire? Who among you can dwell with everlasting burnings? Can you, sir? can you? Can you abide the flame forever?

"Oh, no," sayest thou, "What can I do to be saved?" Hear thou what Christ has to say: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not, shall be damned." "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool: though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow."

A Transformed Life.

WE are bidden to sow beside all waters, since we know not which will prosper, whether this or that. The wonderful results of dropping seed into rather unpromising soil is shown by an experience of an itinerant minister who a number of years ago passed through a prison crowded with convicts.

One gigantic fellow crouched alone in a corner, his feet chained to a ball. There was an unhealed wound on his face where he had been shot while trying to escape. The sight of the dumb, gaunt figure touched the visitor's sympathies.

"How long has he to serve?" he asked the keeper.

"For life."

"Has he anybody body outside to look after him—wife or child?"

"How should I know? Nobody has ever noticed him all the time he has been here."

"May I speak to him?"

"Yes, but only for a minute."

The minister hesitated. What could he say in one minute? He touched the man's torn cheek. "I am sorry," he said. "I wish I could help you."

The convict looked keenly at him, the hard lines of his face softened, and he nodded to indicate that he believed in the sympathy expressed.

"I am going away, and shall never see you again, perhaps; but you have a Friend who will stay here with you."

The small keen eyes were upon him; the prisoner dragged himself up, waiting and eager.

"You have heard of Jesus?"

"Yes."

"He is your friend. If you are good and true, and pray to God to help you, I am sure He will care for you."

"Come, sir!" called the keeper. "Time's up."

The clergyman turned sorrowfully away. The prisoner crawled after him, and catching his hand, held it in his own while He could. Tears were in the clergyman's eyes.

Fourteen years passed. The convict was sent to work in the mines. The minister went down one day into a mine, and among the workmen saw a gigantic figure bent with hardship and age.

"Who is that?" he asked the keeper.

"A lifer, and a steady fellow; the best of the gang."

Just then the "lifer" looked up. His figure straightened, for he had recognized the clergyman. His eyes shone. "Do you know me?" he said. "Will He come soon? I've tried to be good."

At a single word of sympathy the life had been transformed, the convict redeemed.—*Selected.*

FORGET yourself. People cannot be happy who are constantly dwelling in thought upon themselves, their own perfections, their own shortcomings, what people think of them, and so on. The heaviest burden of life is often ourselves. —*M. P. Wells.*

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